

SYNERGY

Convergence of Humanitarian Thought, Scientific Rigour and Commercial Enterprise

A CREATIVE INITIATIVE OF ARSD STUDENTS



**ATMA RAM SANATAN DHARMA COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI**

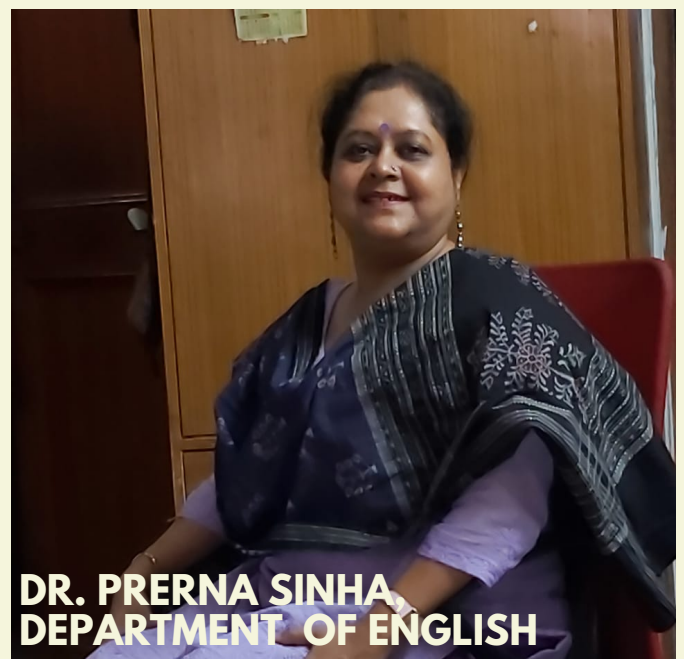
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SYNERGY

2019-20



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EXPRESSION OF CREATIVITY



HUMANITARIAN THOUGHT

SCIENTIFIC RIGOR



COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE

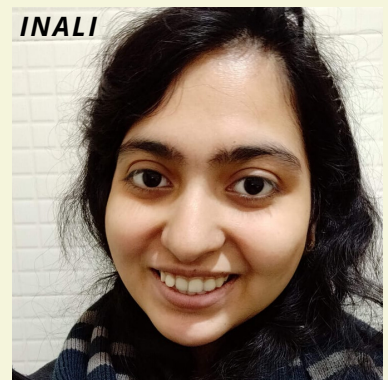
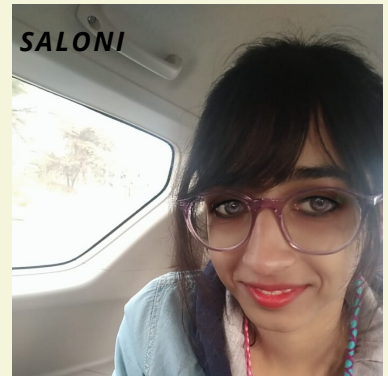
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From The Student Editorial Board



When we started our work on ‘Synergy’, the college newsletter of ARSD with multifarious ideas and numerous plans, we had no idea what we would be coming up against. The world around us at the time of writing this editorial is nothing like the one before we began our quest to bring you the best the students of ARSD could offer. With the current COVID-19 crisis and the subsequent global fallouts that we are facing, it’s very fortunate that despite everything we are still privileged enough to be able to bring something to the table. Whilst it might not be up to the standards set by the newsletters that came before us, we still hope you’ll enjoy it nonetheless. For this rendition of the newsletter, we decided to narrow our focus on the topic of ‘Climate Change’ but little did we know that it would subsequently end up widening our horizons and broadening our understanding of the world altogether.

“I don’t want you to be hopeful. I want you to panic. I want you to feel the fear I feel every day. And then I want you to act. I want you to act as you would in a crisis. I want you to act as if our house is on fire. Because it is.”

This quote taken from Greta Thunberg’s speech at the World Economic Forum sent ripples through nations across the world

urging leaders to wake up to the brewing crisis and instigated countless people to take up her cause. There's been much talk about 'Climate Change' in the recent past especially with the young activist coming to the forefront to lay out the harsh truths before us. With a number of student protests and environmental atrocities coming to light, it's only fitting that we play our part too by highlighting events that framed this recent past and give our own thoughts and opinions on the same.

Aside from the articles on the pressing issues regarding climate change, we also received quite a few reports, poems and imaginative articles relating to other topics of interest. Keeping in mind the current predicament that we have all found ourselves going against, the participation was still enormously substantial and efforts truly exceptional.

Lastly, on behalf of the editorial board, we would like to thank the teachers who guided us through the journey of 'Synergy' and helped it materialize in front of us in spite of the circumstances. A special thanks to the editorial board of teachers who not only mentored us but also went through great lengths to make this newsletter come alive. We would also like to thank our creatively gifted contributors who built the blocks for the structure to stand and most importantly, we would like to thank our readers who are willing to lend us their precious time to help provide life to our efforts.

***This too shall pass but until then
stay safe!***

Ms. Inali Negi (Eng Hons, 3rd Year)
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CLIMATE CHANGE



OUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE

Inali Negi

BA (Hons) English- III Year



**"You have stolen my
childhood and my
dreams with your
empty words"**

-Greta Thunberg.

Greta Thunberg is a name that echoes through the hearts and minds of millions around the world. The 17 year-old environment activist who is known for her passionate and fired stances and speeches on climate change has inspired much of the globe to join her cause. The activist is known for her straightforward and powerful words devoid of any sugarcoating that have rocked powerful nations and those holding the power in those very nations.

The speech Greta made at the UN Climate Action Summit back in 2019 made her a force to be reckoned with. "You have stolen my childhood and my dreams with your empty words," says Greta Thunberg. These words are loaded with a warning, a plea, and a wake up call for everyone to see the destruction around them. It's vital that we heed to her words and take action as individuals to bring about the changes that can be made.

As the youth of the country, we need to start working to make a better future for ourselves. Those in power are locked up in their games and spare little thought to their very homes burning in the distance. Whilst they come around, we can hold our ground. Do our bit to better our own soil, our own place of dwelling.



BLACK SUMMER

Saloni B. Singh
BA (Hons) English- III Year



The world so far has seen much and advanced even more. 2012, according to the ancients, was endpoint for humanity and honestly the way the planet has endured the utter drain caused by humans leaves little hope for posterity. Constantly being warned about the rapidly depleting resources and conserving the precious left makes one wonder why no one practised sustenance of the same. The

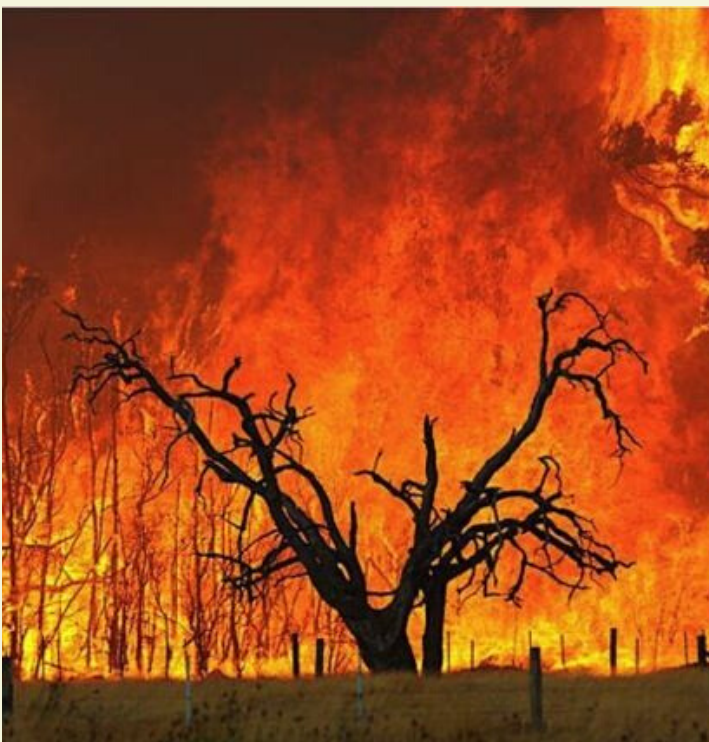
melting of the arctic glaciers, the constant rise in the global temperatures, the extreme weather conditions either too hot or too cold doesn't exactly present a very pretty picture, adding to it the disaster of Australia in June 2019 further taints the dream of a healthy environment.

The Australian bushfire season of 2019 or

colloquially known as 'Black Summer' began with a series of uncontrollable fires which burned through for almost half a year reaching its peak in December. Since then the fires have been contained or extinguished. This fire was a major blow to not only the economy but also a hard blow to the mental, physical and emotional wall of the people. As of March 2020 the estimated area burned by these fires comes to a staggering amount of 46 million acres, killing approximately 1 billion animals and it is expected that some endangered animals have been driven to near extinction. Apart from the huge damage to the flora and fauna of the epicentre Australian forests, the air quality drastically dropped to hazardous levels during peak of these raging fires.

By January 2020 the smoke cloud had traveled 11,000 kilometres across the Pacific Ocean affecting other countries like Chile, Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay, releasing almost 300 million tonnes of CO2. These stats already provide a very grim and heart breaking picture not taking into account the sheer amount of damage to the ecosystem of not only the regions directly affected by these fires but also to the damage indirectly done by the smoke emitted by these fires across the Pacific countries. It wasn't until March 2020 that all the fires across New South Wales were extinguished and the Victorian fires contained.

A lot of debate went into underlining the causes for the scale and intensity of the fire



including the role of fire management and the climate change already happening along with the subsequent consequences. In November 2019, Greater Sydney area declared catastrophic fire danger which wasn't seen since the Black Saturday fires in 2009.

Although many meteorological institutions stated that the smoke emitted by these fires would not adversely affect the climate or weather, the smoke choked the environment blanketing the sky within it. Even the glaciers in the country turned brown with the ash.

Australia, a country known for its kangaroo islands lost one third of the islands rendering the living kangaroos without a habitat and others perishing in the fires. The bush fires in these parts of the country were not uncommon, the flora and fauna of the place having adapted after centuries of evolution, but one usually saw them at a scale far below and less intense. Apart from the ecology of the place, a large portion of archaeological sites were also damaged like the 500 year old Rock Art at Anaiwan in northern New South Wales, the intense temperature cracking through the granite. One can keep on counting the different types of losses and their staggering numbers.

One of the areas of concern for the scientists is that this pattern may continue making these fire-prone conditions more common in Australia. A study published in the Garnaut climate change review in 2008 stated that fire season in Australia may escalate in the upcoming years but nothing could have prepared the people of the country for such a disaster. It almost felt as if the fire was ready to purge the whole country engulfing everything in its path leaving no trace of life. The scorched earth may revive in a few years but the loss of precious fauna would be irrecoverable. As the name given to this event, it truly was a black summer in the recorded history of mankind.

SEEING THROUGH THE SMOG

Devika J.
BA (Hons) Economics- I Year



Last Diwali season was one I would certainly remember and not because it was my first Diwali as opposed to the regular Deepavali I celebrate back home in Kerala. What will stay with me is not the festivities, but rather its outcome - 3 days of not seeing across the road, showing off N95 masks and wearing sweaters and getting looks, because it was not winter yet, and it was all just a prelude that my torrid zoned skin couldn't handle.



My first experience with the Infamous Delhi Smog will stay with me as my one bragging experience with pollution. But recently, coming back from a Tobacco awareness session organized in college was when it hit me; I might die of lung cancer, even if I never did anything that could cause it, except for living in Delhi NCR. And a standup joke on cheap ways to die that suggested one move to Delhi, which I laughed off then, now come back as a Flashing Red Light.

So, with this article, my primary aim is to look factually at the various causes of Delhi's pollution and the suggested remedies and the reasons of their failures or success.

November 2017 reports on pollution rated Delhi as the Most Polluted City in the World, when the pollution levels hit AQI of 999, way above the upper limit of the worst category 'hazardous'. Three years later, the story is not different, which hints at the possible inefficiency of redressal mechanisms.

So, to what do we owe the smog and incumbent diseases?

The prime pollutants are PM 2.5 and PM 10, along with Nitrous Oxide, Sulfur Dioxide, Carbon Monoxide and Ozone. Their major origins have been traced to byproducts of burning. Particulate matter, or its layman terms, dust, aerosol, soot etc., cause the bulk of the consequences of pollution. PM 2.5 is invisible and is created from combustion whereas PM 10 is visible dust created from mechanical processes.

Sources of Emission and Evaluation of Redressal Mechanism:

Sources are widespread, quite literally, in and around Delhi NCR. Vehicular emissions, Industries, Dust, Crop stubble Burning, Bursting away during Diwali, all do their bit for the Smoggy blanket over Delhi during October- November.

- **Vehicular Emissions:** The influence of automobile industry in Delhi is quite visible and widespread. Families without at least one mode of independent transport will be a rarity. It is further compounded by the fact that there are as much as 10 million cars in Delhi alone. This makes the odd even scheme shy away from realising its potential because one family might own vehicles that have both odd and even registrations and public will not prefer public transport, even with added facilities.
- **Industries:** Delhi is bordered with countless power plants and other industrial units, the prominent one being Badarpur Thermal Power plant, situated in the outskirts of the city. Use of substandard and outdated processes and machines result in excessive pollution over the city. The situation once got very bad that the plant had to be shut down for a window to cut down on emissions. Badarpur is just one of the many and updating of the technology and process is what is a Clear solution for a Clear Delhi.
- **Burning of Agricultural waste:** The Punjab Preservation of Subsoil Water Act, 2009, prohibits farmers from cultivation before June. This leaves a very narrow window between the harvest of Kharif crops and the subsequent sowing of Rabi crops and leaves the farmers with no choice, but to burn the crop stubble. It is no secret that this stubble burning is one of the major contributors of pollution over Delhi and the Government has moved courts to help resolve this issue. A possible long term solution might be the setting up of a Paddy Straw Waste Power Plant, which transforms paddy stubble into. CNG, Fertilizer and Electricity, or the shifting of Badarpur Power plant from Delhi to West UP.
- **Municipal Solid Waste Burning:** Administrative Authorities' inefficient attitude is not a new challenge in India. Here, the local authorities go to the easiest, but the most harmful way to get rid of the waste - solid waste burning. Reports from the studies conducted by IIT Kanpur reveals that if Municipal Waste burning stopped and Disposal mechanisms upgraded, it would improve Delhi's air quality by about 100%.
- **Lack of political priority and inefficient local authorities:** This cause is pretty self-explanatory. Nevertheless, it is worth

- stating because it is not done to sacrifice public welfare at the altar of private gains and interests. This is a problem that solves itself once the parties acquire integrity and put others before themselves.

successful in suspending normal activity in the city what with shops and schools closed and a Health Emergency declared. An individual who spends a considerable amount of time in Delhi is estimated to have cut his life short by almost 6 years. If these are not serious repercussions that should force one to think, there is little else that will.

The National Capital Region is smothered yearly, with the onset of winter and the cold brings with it smog and health failures. I conclude with the hope that the lights of Diwali will help remove the veil of darkness and dust that encloses Delhi.

Scouring out the pollutants:

Research has led me to some efficient but costly methods that lead us to prime cause of pollution, namely Particulate Matter 2.5 and Particulate Matter 10. These methods include Top Down Source Apportionment and Emission inventory, both of which are methods that follow a top-bottom analysis for finding sources of pollution.

What after pollution?

The consequences of pollution are not few. It leaves significant and lasting effects on the affected. Lung cancer and severe lung damage that lead to early death is just one of the many dark facets of pollution. The three-day smog that enclosed Delhi last October was



COST OF CLIMATE CHANGE

Devika J.

BA (Hons) Economics- I Year



"The bottom line is, when we damage the natural world, we damage ourselves", said Sir. David Attenborough, the renowned natural historian and broadcaster, in a talk with former IMF Managing Director, Christine Lagarde. In his statement, Attenborough was hinting at the symbiosis that the environment and the economy share. Analysis by IMF experts suggests that a persistent increase in average global temperature by 0.04°C per year, in the absence of mitigation policies, reduces world real GDP per capita by over 7% by 2100. On the other hand, abiding by the 2015 Paris agreement, which was designed to prevent global temperature from rising by more than 2°C above pre-industrial levels, limits the increase to 0.01°C per annum, reduces the loss



substantially to about 1%, subject to the pace of temperature increase and variability of climate conditions.

Relative impact of climate change falls as per capita income rises, i.e. lesser the poverty, lesser the vulnerability to adverse effects of climate change. This indicates that poorer and developing countries are notably more vulnerable to climate change than richer ones. Most developed economies are founded on industrialization and fuelled by the tertiary sector, whereas developing economies rely on climate dependent primary sector and hence, are increasingly vulnerable to unfavorable climate conditions. Most of the developing world is located around the hotter regions and have limited adaptive capacity and hence if these hotter regions become even hotter, consequences can be catastrophic.

Findings above suggest that climate change obviously aggravates inequality, both economic and social as uneven impacts cause poorer nations to become even poorer. Impact of climate change is greatly influenced by where people live and what kind of jobs they have. Low lying, flood prone areas are particularly at risk of becoming inhabitable because of increasing temperature and resultant sea level rise. Huge shifts in geography, demographics and technology are inevitable and adaptation will probably be

easier for the affluent than the poor.

Climate change is accompanied by both manageable and catastrophic costs (like food shortage and climate refugees). A compromise on productivity of labor will considerably contract supply of necessities.

Sector Specific Impact:

- **Agriculture:** Agriculture is most vulnerable to climate change. Flooding and severe heat cause yields to contract considerably. According to a 2011 National Academy of Sciences report, for every degree Celsius the global thermostat rises, there will be a 5 to 15% decrease in overall crop production. Fall in ground water levels, increased use of pesticides and fertilizers to maintain production levels along with fall in productivity might cause prices to rocket in the near future.
- **Infrastructure:** Sea level rise is the prominent threat to this sector. It has potential to cause a loss in value of assets in trillions of dollars by the century. As concerns the communication sector, a 2018 study found that over 4000 miles of fiber optic cable as well as data centers, traffic exchanges and termination points – the life and blood of the global information network- are at risk from sea level rise.
- **Businesses and Financial Markets:** Climate

- change can directly affect factories, supply chain, transport etc. It can lead to obsolescence of industries like mining, increased cost of raw materials, and resultant uncertainty in stock prices. Investment in stock of natural resources like coal, oil, gas etc. will contract in the short run.

Social cost of Carbon:

Essentially, it indicates the incremental impact of emitting an additional ton of carbon dioxide or the benefit of slightly reducing emissions. Pigou tax (amount of greenhouse gas emissions that should be taxed in order to maximize welfare), Carbon dividends (proceeds from the carbon tax, which would be distributed to consumers) etc. are steps taken towards engaging the corporates in the fight against climate change, by making the "polluter pay".

Current climate policy falls woefully short of achieving ends, mostly because of its flawed means - its estimates of social cost of carbon underestimate the true risk of climate change, it relies primarily on incomplete impact assessments and is partly determined by ethical parameters like the rate of pure time preference, risk aversion, inequality aversion. Unrealistic assumptions of the model and complexity in the computation of social cost

impact climate policy adversely as it is channeled through estimates of social cost of carbon.

Investment in Green infrastructure and resilient coastal infrastructure would create jobs. Appeal of hybrid and electric vehicles is on the rise and these could be incorporated into public transport. Government should take proactive steps to increase investment in resiliency building initiatives. In the words of Joseph Stiglitz, a Nobel Prize recipient, "We will pay for climate breakdown one way or another, so it makes sense to spend the money now to reduce emission rather than wait until later to pay a lot more for the consequences. It's a cliché, but it's true: An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure".

Economic impact will be profound and is likely to affect everyone, albeit in different degrees. Awareness and voluntary action is the need of the hour. Doing our part for the burning out planet is much easier and influential than mindless persuasion of the majority to get their priorities straight. People are not easily convinced about climate change because quoting Joseph Aldy (Professor, Harvard's Kennedy School for Public Policy), "It's really hard to convey something that is long term and gradual until it is not".

COVID-19



A SERIES OF UNFORTUNATE EVENTS

Mohini Chandra
B.A Programme- I Year



So when 2020 started nobody could have predicted that almost everybody would be put in an indefinite timeout, maybe except the Simpsons because they have literally practically predicted it all. So with the world sequestered away, raging with cabin fever, resulting in the peak in sales of the online entertainment industry, like Netflix, AmazonPrime, Crunchyroll, Funimation etc, people have also become frustrated. We live

in an era where films, restaurants and food delivery apps have spoilt us and embedded deep within us an insatiable desire for instant gratification. So when we were all forcibly quarantined in our houses, the consumer industry came to screeching halt, a standstill that economists say will have a devastating effect on the economy.

However, as the mathematician Augustus De Morgan said, 'anything that can possibly go wrong, does', for it didn't, people rose up against police brutality in America, starting with the murder of George Floyd in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Already weary with the quarantine, the entire country quickly took to the streets in protest, only aggravated by the aggression displayed by those in opposition. The further victims of police brutality, Breonna Taylor led to further outcry and demand for justice, sparking an international interest in the previously domestic organised movement advocating for non-violent civil disobedience called, Black Lives Matter.

Following into June, the month to celebrate PRIDE came along, parades and demonstrations were held, participants disregarding the norm of maintaining social distancing. Moreover, it was also the month where the K-Pop fans and Tik Tok users infiltrated Trump's rally in Tulsa, Okla. Millions of users from these two communities bought free tickets to Trump's rally and completely ditched it. The BOK centre where the rally was supposed to be held, with a 19,000-seat capacity, had only 6,200 scanned ticket attenders, a drastic drop from the numbers which were expected.

This was also the month when India saw a lot of incursions in the LOC by China. On June 15 following the break in LOC by the Chinese which resulted in the death of 20 Indian soldiers and an unknown number of Chinese troops killed in the retaliation, India banned 59 Chinese apps and prohibited the Chinese companies from taking part in road projects. Furthermore, most of the country at the time of me writing this article is still under lockdown.

This year with its non stop series of events seems so unrealistic that I can't help but liken it to a plot of some cheap science fiction- a novel strain of a virus that leads to a pandemic with no vaccine or sure-fire cure, check; political unrest, check; international turmoil, we got it; and I think the only way to end this year is through an alien invasion. Or maybe it sounds more like, 'A Series of Unfortunate Events' by Daniel Handler. So what can we do while sitting at home either quarantined or due to lockdown and with the long awaited release of movies or tv shows now delayed, binge watch the shows we have been putting off, try new ones, discover new movies, cultivate our hobbies, read books, and learn to take a breather from the chaos and the stress we have to handle every ordinary day. To learn to give ourselves, physically, mentally and emotionally the time to recuperate.

Before finishing this article, let me recommend a few entertainment choices. For the readers, give *Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky and *Red, White and Royal Blue* by Casey McQuiston a read. For the movie watchers, give *Akira 1988* by Katsuhiro Otomo and *Primal Fear* by Gregory Hoblit a watch. But that's all I have and let's hope with our fingers crossed that this unfortunate year does not actually end with an alien invasion. Hopefully and if it did, well, turns out Hogwarts should really have sent me a letter at eleven, for I am a prophet or a seer. Whatever you get my point.

Toodles!



MUSINGS IN THE PAUSE

Praveena. M
B.Sc (H) Physics-I year

March came by to bring me home,
Away from the bustling metropolis
To the secure arms of love.
And so I decided to make my journey,
Alarmed yet relieved to see
Masked faces wandering in broad daylight
Not to hide away from questioning glances
But to keep a certain virus at bay.
Fear, however feeble, lingered in brown eyes
Blanketing the surroundings in a cautious consciousness.

The journey saw its end when I saw myself
In the familiar space of home.
Solitude enveloped me for the next few days
And I struck up conversations with myself
As thoughts became my sole companion.
My soul ached for the rays of the sun
And the touch of the piercing rain.
My mind, though, finally had time to declutter.
I meticulously tried to handle the chaos,
Arguably making a bigger mess.

Days tumbled into nights gracelessly
As I watched from behind rusted window panes.
Those windows, I realised, were a privilege.
I learned about the plights of others;
Their legs moving solely on their will
And their lives crumble on the rails.
The world seemed to be plunging deeper
Into a grave only half-built.
While black lives matter had to be reminded again,
Depression gnawed its way into many hearts, stopping them.



Thoughts of such bleak nature haunted my sleep,
While I lost myself among the pages
Crafted by a skilled mind, during the day.
While big brother kept a watch over me,
I ran away, together with Kafka.
Sketches were strewn about,
As the pencil finally met the paper.
Time stretched out into an infinity;
One we couldn't be a part of.
One I hope the pandemic wouldn't be a part of.



CORONA GOT IT'S ERA

Rashi Goel

BA (Hons) English- I Year

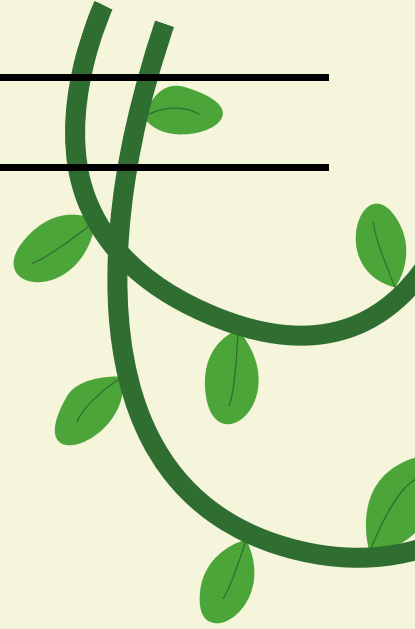


The creation gifted me a home of greens,
All I did was to transform it in concrete,
The tolerance it had was of million years,
But one sudden day it showed all its grief,
Oh, yea! I realize it was just a reaction to all my
deeds.

We were given hearts but minds attracted us more,
For we burnt and caged the humanity,
I feel us to be the hunters of each pious soul,
But wow, as the godmother still feels so pity.
Now we are the prey to devastating situations,
For predator is leaving none, with a kind solution,
The idea of being human beings not just Homo
sapiens
For we need not just to live a thinking life but to feel
each emotion.

The Covid will be feet away, if an inch is
taken closer to yourself,
For we have to stay at homes, the nature wants to
heal itself,
The distance between axe and the trunk, shows
beautiful sunsets,
Yes at the times of hot summers,
I listen the dripping drizzle,
Either I lay cozy under the rooftop,

Or am I teaching myself to chop.
For 12 am is my lunch now,
And sunset feels like morning,
Though for sure at 4 am,
I giggle at years old memories,
For screen let me share with mum,
The least recognized picture album,
i.e., my permanent gallery.
It was relieving to roll round chapattis,
For the peddling travelers who once served me,
Yes, we all are struck with a zillion issues
But hour needs to have a patient heart,
Just to save few lives against the worldly rivalry,
For the evergreen too, wants to relive the billion
years ago's greenery.



THE EARTH ISN'T EVEN

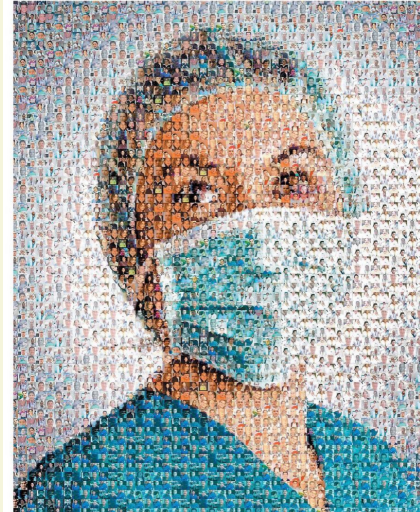
Rosh V.P

B.Sc (H) Chemistry- I Year

“The Earth isn’t even” once taught my geography tutor,
So is the condition seen during these locked down days.
While so fortunate am I to write these verses,
somewhere under the same sky there exist,
Medics and police sweating for our wellness, And
Guiltless populace suffering for a fault not theirs.

Some are lucky tweeting about their lassitude at home,
When others are forced to pass nights with hunger and pain.
Many lying on beds with no hope to watch another sunrise,
And some fall prey to the untold pain of mental illness.
Some lost their jobs, while many career options took birth.

Just look at how humorous the fact is that, we
Humans, the learned and the most honoured,
Needed the help of an unseen minuscule creature,
To show that no one is superior to any other being.

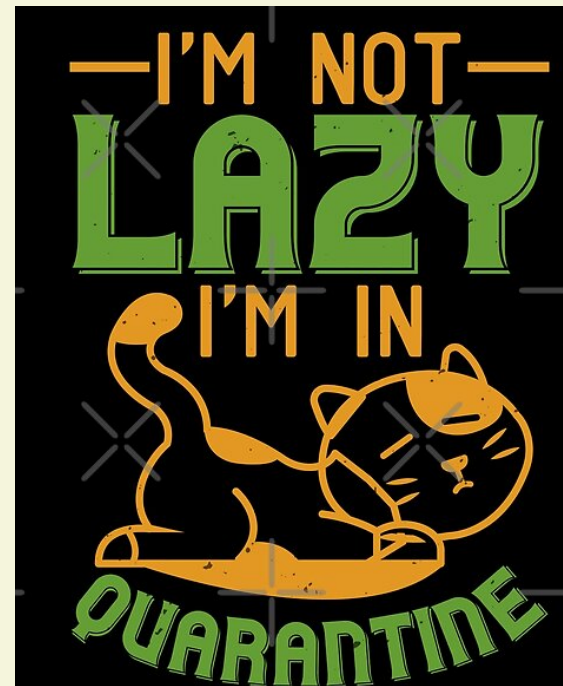


THE BLOOMING LAZINESS

Satyendu

BA (Hons) English- I Year

I slumped on my sofa as usual on that day
Yet again was overthinking about when I'll go out again in May
That parasite is stuck to the world rather strangely
Every life is self-absorbing each other vaguely
Why were we nonchalant to the Earth before
When the nature was not vague to its own condition afore
When now Mother Earth is backfiring
Here we are nettling our own firing
We humans made the sun cry and the extinct pry
We are blooming into more laziness these days
Even if by sketching, colouring, writing, editing or many ways
Maybe this extreme laziness was an actual punishment
So we can heal this Mother Earth with a rejuvenated
replenishment
We are going to see a new world of hope and joy
And now can be more careful in making the Earth's foy.



A BLITHE SPIRIT

Shitba Zilf

BA (Hons) English- I Year

Ah! That blithe spirit!
Flitting exuberantly
In cerculian horizon,
Fluttering into zephyr,
Rejoicing the toss,
Ah! What a bliss.
Yes, that caged bird is free.

Ah! That blithe spirit!
Wailed querulously
On the grave of dreams,
God-given unclipped wings;
Yet clipped inside
The bars of gold
Yes, that caged bird is free
Ah! That blithe spirit!
Woven into the warmth
Of the twilight breeze,
Warbling rhymes of my nursery
On the transient sand
Near the seashore.
Yes, that caged bird is free.

Ah! That blithe spirit!
Carried by the breath of stars,
Forgets screeches on nightmare scream,
Swaying on the willow tree's branches,
Cherishes daydream of yesteryears,
Clipping humans into their bar of gold.
Yes, that caged bird is free.



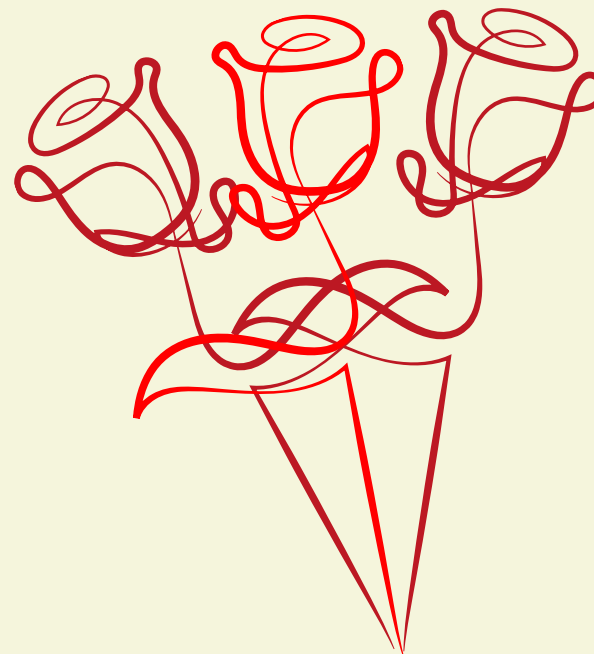
LIFE AND ROSES

Tuhina Haldar
B.A (H) Economics-I Year

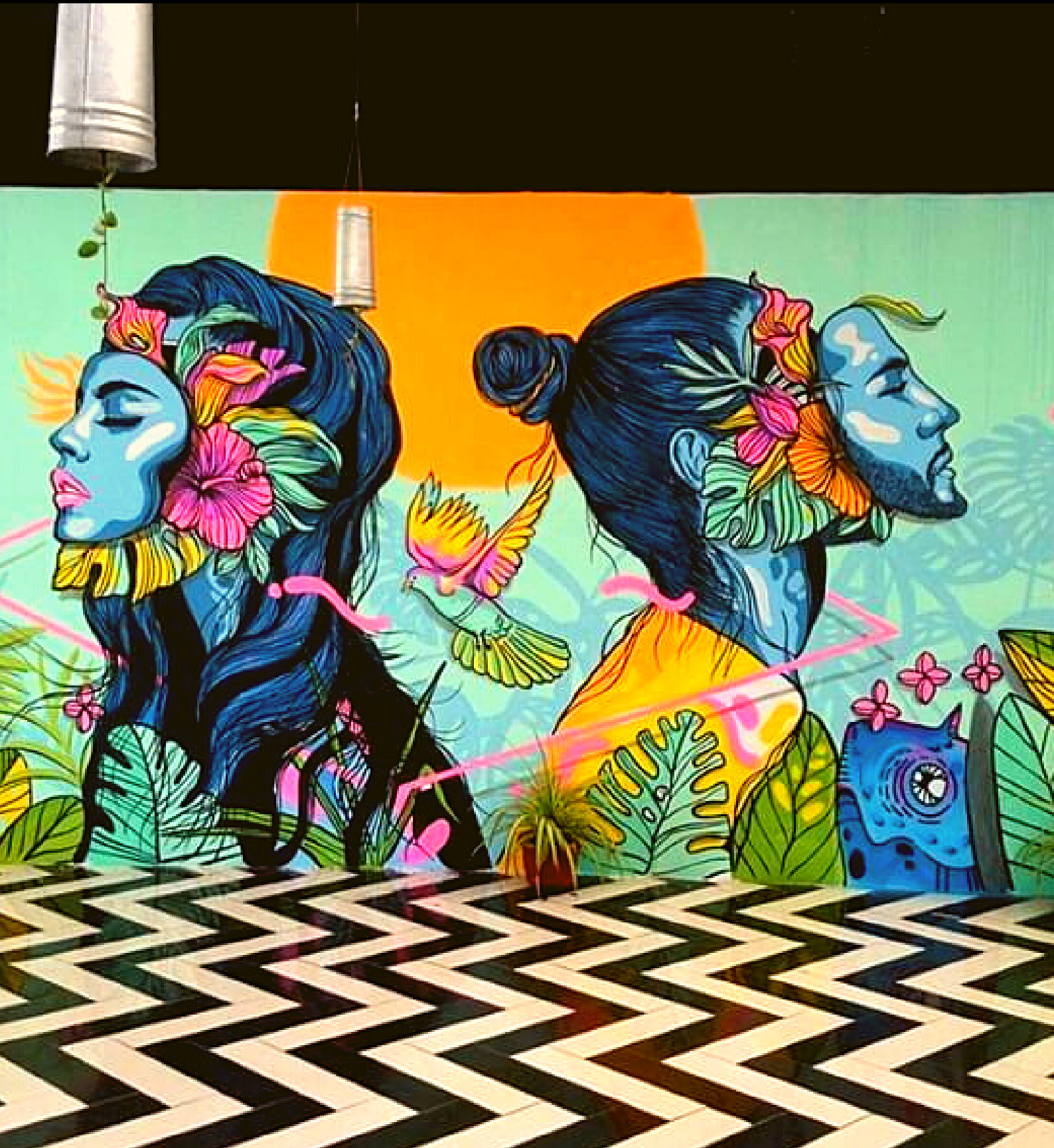
Life can be the sunshine
On peaceful days,
with bright blue skies and lavender smelling mist on the lush green meadows;
Or life can be raindrops,
clouds trying their best to hold onto them but alas,
they fall like tears squeezed from your eyes, rolling over your pink cheeks
which were parched for way too long holding it all in and being strong.

Life can be the heaven,
That you'll only reach through the way of hell,
Since you won't know that you're happy, If you've not been sad as well,
Life right now is a battle against the unforeseen pandemic but like every other peril
this shall pass too.

I know it might seem like all your days are just gloomy
but hold on to it,
trust me the other side is way too bright, for you can't see right now!
Life can teach harsh lessons,
But you'll be wiser once you know,
That even roses need both sunshine, And a touch of rain to grow



PURSUIT OF CREATIVITY



WAITING ROOM

Ravi Rajput
BA (Hons) English-I Year



Have you ever visited a hospital?

Hospitals have a peculiar smell to them. It's phenyl mixed with sadness, anxiety, hope and sorrow. The smell feels weird when it travels through your lungs and then to your mind. You feel disgusted every time you get a sniff of the air.

You sit on that bench in the corridor

with your eyes busy watching something you downloaded the previous night to pass the time. Wi-Fi isn't free. This is your escape from all the hustle and bustle of the hospital. While your eyes are glued to the screen, your mind is busy calculating the time left for the procedure to end and be back at home. A little chain of thoughts about the patient's well being always runs in the back of your mind.

You stand up to check on the patient and you realize its still hours to go before it ends. You take a quick look at the vitals and go back to that bench. Sometimes you run into someone else waiting just like you are. You have to be a part of a conversation as a moral obligation unwillingly and suddenly; an announcement about the upcoming round by doctors is made on the PA system. You know they don't want to see you waiting anymore.

The guard, who has seen your face enough times to notice that black mole on the right cheek next to your lips and acts as a stranger asks you to leave and make way for the doctors.

You pick up your bag and start walking without any destination in mind. Let's see which ward is empty today. Oh no! The floor's wet. Now you have to take the other route. The elevator is jammed. Someone probably forgot to close the door.

Again.

The round ends.

It's just 30 minutes to go.

You've got time to watch one more episode of 'The Office' or go through your Spotify playlist once again. 'The Office' wins always. The

episode ends and you have 10 minutes to go. You play The Yellow Diary on your Spotify. Just one more song to soothe the mind. 'Dheere Se' would be perfect.

Exactly 11 minutes later when you have played 'Dheere Se' and 'Buniyaad', the gate opens. You see a hand calling for you.

You know it's time for this day to end. You start collecting your belongings. And as you wait for the patient to be back, you play Shamoan Ismail's 'Marijuana'. The elevator is stuck again. You have to use stairs. This is going to take some time.

You tell yourself, 10 more minutes. And after that, you leave the hospital premises. You speed up the bike to leave behind that same smell that you hate. But it's too late. Your clothes are filled with it, like your mind. There's no escape.



VICTIM

Devika J.
BA (Hons) Economics- I Year



Aargh! She woke up disturbed and drenched in cold sweat. The monstrous vision, the re-telecast of the previous month's events refused to leave her mind.

"You are safe. No one will harm you now. Relax, you are safe here..." she kept on convincing herself in a futile attempt to regain her peace of mind. Sleep refused to indulge her and she found herself replaying the ghastly events of the previous month.

The place she lived in was normally peaceful. Except for a few, rare drunken brawls, it remained mostly quiet and serene.

If anyone had suggested that a riot would take place there, she would have laughed at their faces but that was two months ago. Now, communal violence had seeped into her life and made its impact.

It had started following the rape and murder of a 6 year-old. She was enraged at the beasts among men folk and was sympathetic to girl, a rag doll to tear and play with, an instrument to settle political and communal scores. Then too, she had known that sensations would change and it would only be matter of time before the girl was forgotten, and something or someone took her place in the evening debates.

But now, there was a change in the public reception of the news. A major case had been settled previously, with the accused being set scot-free, presumably to murder a few more, on grounds that he was a minor and thus incapable of withstanding the cruel penance by death. Nobody gave a second thought to the victim, who also cherished dreams of a life to be lived, which was written off as an acceptable collateral damage in the Feminism movement.

People had let it be known that this was not going to be the case hence. They demanded action and swift justice. Public protests, candle marches, solidarity on social media

were all very much prevalent and active, but it did not escape her notice that nothing worthwhile had been done as yet. All was good on paper, (nay, cell phone), but when it came to actual impacts, it was pretty much null and void. She had remained a passive observer, for she had long accepted that it was only her that could stand up for herself.

In the course of time, these movements took a new form. Instead of the usual justice v/s injustice, it shrunk to wronged Hindus (since millennia) v/s weak (but selectively strong) and pretentious Muslims. The religious political parties of the secular nation took sides with in concealable zeal, instigating the vulnerable public and as usual, diverting them from actual issues at hand.

What she felt for the masses was pity and revulsion. She pitied the fools who were easily swayed by the masterminds, the cunning orators who appealed to their false pride. She was an Indian that took pride in its Unity despite the Diversity, in its universal religion of non-violence and in its tolerance and acceptance. She loathed the populace that held dear its Hindu-Muslim pride and chivalry. When will they get it through their thick heads that all religions advocated the same essence and it was only the interpretations that differed?

The vision of the mob attacking her home rudely cut into her musings. Her – Their house had been the planning and execution of her parents. They wanted to build their future in that space. It had been just another piece of land; her parents made it a carrier for their dreams and aspirations.

She did not want to think of what could possibly have happened to her kin. She sensed nothing after being drugged, stabbed and kidnapped to a cement prison her tormentors called Home. They kept her for a week. On sensing that she refused to be broken, they spat at her and left her for the dogs. Once she revoked her senses, she crawled to the nearest police station, from where she was taken to the Camp, her present residence.

There, she saw hundreds tolerating and accepting what had befallen them. They were all serving sentence for the crime of being at the wrong place at the wrong time. She didn't find any other Muslims or Hindus, all she saw was Fellow sufferers, sharing the anxiety of a life to be lived, fretting about their lost ones, mourning their innumerable *could have been's*.

She has been a member for a month. But she knew the place had no permanence. She had to be out once she was able. She had her life waiting – either that of a victim or of a fighter.

She decided to embrace the latter and pledged to make a generation that was free of false pride and that which celebrated acceptance. It was a solemn dream that she cherished and hoped to deliver to herself.

After two weeks she had quit the asylum. Time had come. India had to be regenerated. And she needn't have doubted- for she was in capable hands.

DUMB - CHARADES

Aditi Srivastava
BA (Hons) English- II Year



Fresh faces, lost expressions,
When 8:30 meant 8:30,
And not a skeptical 8:55,
And rushing home when the professors didn't come was not a widely
considered option.

"Let's go somewhere guys!"
We sat on the grim uneven grass,
Weaved stories out of the wind,
We laughed.

My first memory of my college is not that day,
But I would sure like it to be the first.

I can erase all others and preserve one or two,
Surrounding the compost-pit,
Making outrageous jokes,
And outrageous connections.

I don't speak of an "older" time,
I just speak of a time lost,
Between the pages of rustic books,
And the dim fan of room 29.

The college remains the same,
But the people worried, broken, sad, tired.
Bring me back the dumb charades,

Let's bunk a class or two,
Let's miss out on Alice and Seth and Adam and Eve,
Let's catch up on love and friendship and lost threads of laughter,
"Let's do something guys! Let's go somewhere!"



WHO IS AT FAULT?

Apurva Dutta
BA (Hons) English- III Year



Madness was my right, not their privilege.
Destruction was my weapon, not their way to execute.
Protest was my escape, not their reality.
Education was mine, not their malleable ground to spread hatred from.
Agents of dispersal are upfront now,
Protectors are violators,
Peaceful campus
grounds are bloodied and mangled,
Helpless lot is beaten up,
Brutality takes to streets,
Storehouse of knowledge turns into a graveyard,
Tear gas is oozing blood,
Capital booms in madness,
Power rules, dominates,
Weak becomes weaker, is silenced, and dies.
Who is at fault?!

LOOKING THROUGH PINK

Mohini Chandra
BA.Prog- I Year

Vision tinted red, rose and rogue,
Slumping in the chair
Jumping at the slightest sound.
Dreams plagued by the very memory
Twisted, unknowingly by the traitorous mind.

Gentle pats on the back,
Recalls horrible memories
Of the hurried rush fuelled by adrenaline
Shouts and screams of friends and enemy
Break the already fleeting sleep.

Voices said, "The glasses might help, try them."
Now sitting here and looking through pink
The cold, hard shard of broken glass
Scrapes against the already scared heart
As the unaffected sanity, just takes in the pink world.

WINGS OF FIRE

Devika J.

BA (Hons) Economics- I Year



"No!" they tell me
"It's a scary world out there."
Their concerns smother
my flapping wings
dampen the fire.
Then I decide.
I am the one to fly; the one to learn
I will myself to shut out their concerns
Suddenly, all I hear is the call of my destiny
as I learn to soar, take my first steps to Freedom.
Now, I realise that I got wings
And no ordinary wings,
The wings of Fire.
Igniting the flight,
pushing me to my might.
Now, I find myself soaring
Above their concerns, above their curiosity.
Onward to attain a Personality.
Be Myself, Unabashedly, Unashamedly.

TWINKLING LITTLE STARS

Rosh V.P

B.Sc (H) Chemistry- I Year

The stars are little, were I taught,
By the verse of a nursery rhyme.
And by glancing at the night sky,
I too believed that they were.

The stars 'twinkle', were I taught,
By the verse of a nursery rhyme.
And watching them once more,
I too believed that they do.

Now being much wiser than then,
And with all the science I know,
I can clearly point out the fact,
The rhyme's a lie and me, misguided.

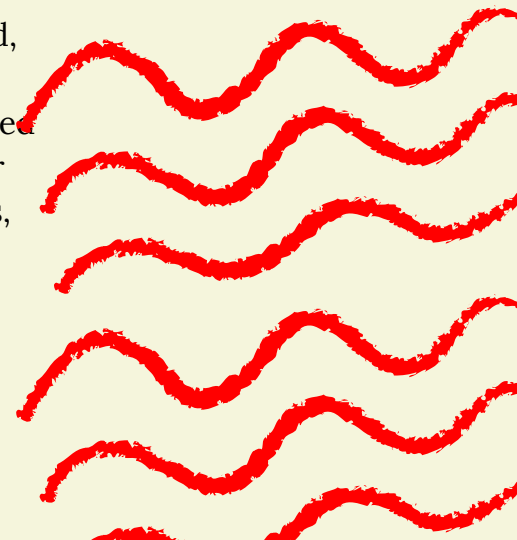
But even tonight when I look up,
At the dark sky, lighted with those stars,
I feel that it is right, they do twinkle,
And I still wonder how they are.



THE PROMISE UNFULFILLED

*Mohini Chandra
BA Prog- I Year*

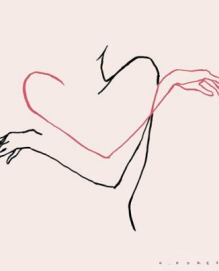
Under the spotlight of the moon,
Amidst the cool fragrant night breeze
Hand in hand, listening to the twittering
Nightingales and roaring waves,
Tides pulled up high by the strings of moon
Frothing the waves white near shore,
Lapping at our ankles.
Sand soft beneath our feet,
Hair free in the wind, eyes sparkling
Glazed but glancing at the ocean
—My eyes flew open,
Gazed at the death, destruction and demolition in front
Memories came forth,
Flooding mine senses,
Of war and gore, blood and bones
My own rank and number and of the
Girl I betrothed back home,
Left alone she would be, if I die
Kill or be killed, the rule zero of the battlefield;
For her I'll kill and save and return,
For her I'll survive
To see her beautiful smile
—Kind jovial eyes.
These were my last thoughts
Image of her painted vividly in my mind,
Then all I knew, was darkness!
The promise unfulfilled, widow'd 'fore we
Because of tumultuous hate and anger
Exploding in a bright flash of fireworks,
Surrounded by screams
— The laughter of Death.



STRONGER THAN HERSELF

Anisha Kimbo

BA (Hons) English- II Year



She held many hands in hers,
But now she's unable to hold her own,
They dropped it without reason,
Among the souls, now she was all alone.

She cried day and night,
Hoping to see the sunlight soon,
He said, "Shed tears but don't tear yourself,"
The sun is good but there's nothing wrong
With the moon.

The shadows remain the same,
Be in the sunlight or under the moon,
She can't see the lies in the day,
Just hopes to know the truth soon.

So what if they left,
She doesn't need them, does she?
The only truth is within,
Maybe she sees herself in me.

She's the only one, who can win,
Not the world but herself,
There's a maze within,
And the answer starts with 'loving myself.'

I LIVE AND THRIVE IN SILENCE

Apurva Dutta

BA (Hons) English- III Year

I live and thrive in silence, until of course one day it's the limit,
I then explode and fulminate with a noise, raise a voice and come out in
the loudest of guffaws, bellows, wails or words.
I wait, procrastinate, but wait, for that one "moment" when I am ready
to own the stage,
Ready to tear apart the macabre reality and help culminate your own,
ameliorate your existing situation, make it larger than life,
I make you come out of your cocoon with a bang, directing all the
spotlights towards you, offering goose bumps to the ones watching you
making them proud, or inferior.
I am your companion at all times, in their claps and also in their abuses.
I am also there, standing slyly, affirmatively when they make you weak,
make you feel helpless, make you feel ashamed, make you feel low,
useless, like trash.
I then, make you crawl, struggle, work~ diligently with sobbing eyes and
broken confidence,
I show you a vague end; I am clever enough not to reveal the ending.
You then creep about, throw hand and legs in anticipation, with
petrified
chattering teeth,
As you start over, start at least,
As you hold that mic to sing your first, or look into the camera to speak
your first, or move your body into your first ever dance moves, or run
your first race, solve your first quant problem, record your first movie,
pen down your first thought, deliver your first speech, crack your first
joke, leap your first hurdle, perform your first surgery, play your first
note on that dust-filled guitar, read your first 800 page novel, click your
first photograph on a camera, make your first stroke with a paint brush,
and the firsts go on, keep going on.
I am there.
In you.
I am Hope.
I am too shy to be so upfront. Had enough of an extrovert demeanor
today. Good-bye until next time. I don't come out that often. Take care.
See you soon!

COLLEGE



A SOCIALLY DISTANT INTERVIEW OF A WRITER

Khushi S.Mathur
BA (Hons) English-II Year



About Dr. Banerjee-

**She is an Associate
Professor of English
at Delhi College of
Arts & Commerce,
University of Delhi**

The first time that I had the privilege of hearing Dr. Smita Banerjee speak about her research which was to be published in a book, she had come to our college as a guest speaker during the screening of the classic Bimal Roy movie Bandini, conducted by Tilt, the film appreciation society of ARSD College. This event and lecture was made possible by Dr. Prerana Sinha who knew before the audience did that we all were going to be in love with this movie and the lecturer.

Bandini is a cult Hindi film of 1960s that won several National awards and till today remains perhaps the most popular film starring Nutan. It is adapted from a Bengali novel, Tamashi written by a prison officer, Jarasandha. The film focuses on the manner and method of incarceration and prison reform undertaken to correct the deviant prisoner who however escapes it.

Dr. Banerjee introduced the audience to the nuances of the film, like the use of voice over in flashbacks and foregrounding of a gendered perspective, and the themes and concerns tackled by the movie which involve the transgression of a woman, while we all sat there rapt. Who knew that a movie from the '60s could interest and excite a bunch

of college students so much? We all left the seminar hall thoroughly moved by the movie and that was enabled by her enlightening lecture before the screening. When the opportunity presented itself for me to interview her, I immediately got in touch with her and she was kind enough to enthusiastically agree to the prospect. While I hoped to interview her in person, unfortunately Covid-19 dampened my plans. We, however, made use of the next best option that we had which was the Internet. Over a brief correspondence over email, she answered some of my questions regarding her research and the book that it has been published in. These are some of the highlights of the interview.



1. What is 'Bad' Women of Bombay Films: Studies in Desire and Anxiety, a book in which you've contributed your own research, all about?

This book tries to analyse various characterizations of women in Hindi films, which can be termed as bad girls/women; those that are non conformist and go against typical feminine 'good' girls stereotypes. So from murderers, violent women, the various chapters deal with all kinds of non stereotypical women characters.

2. What does the title of your chapter, The Caged Woman: Female Guilt, Desire and Transgression in Bandini (1963), mean?

My chapter deals with a 1960s Hindi film, Bandini, directed by Bimal Roy which is

adapted from a Bengali novella. It narrates the story of a woman prisoner, hence Bandini, someone who is caged or imprisoned. The title is evocative of my interpretation where I show how this woman murderer is a transgressive character who refuses to be imprisoned within feminine stereotypes and escapes to her own destiny; she is an active agent who is also proactive in all senses of the word.

3. What are some of the most interesting findings that you've incorporated into the chapter?

I have used insights from Indian feminist scholarship on the trope of the desiring woman, or the Radha figure, which comes to us from Vaishnava philosophy which helped



me understand the cultural nuances of reading the protagonist's character in the film. I am also indebted to Indian film scholars and their work on the centrality of songs for understanding specific forms of Indian filmic use of melodrama. This helped me incorporate the reading of the songs in Bandini.

4. Aspiring writers are often curious about the inspiration and writing process of established writers. What was your inspiration behind this study and how long did it take for you to complete it?

My erstwhile undergraduate teacher who was one of the editors who wanted me to write on this film! I took almost 4-5 months to think and write the first draft. The entire book took around 4 years from the inception to the final product. An edited volume that has so many contributors takes a long time. But I must confess I enjoyed writing this piece tremendously as this film is a special favourite.

5. Your essay is about a film that was produced in the 1960s. My last question is about what drew you to this particular era?

This period is very engaging for Indian cinema scholars. My initial research in films also was on 1950s-1970s popular Bengali cinema. So obviously this era of Hindi films is familiar

territory and I had seen many of these on Doordarshan or film festivals. Many classics of Hindi cinema belong to these decades. It was an amazing time in terms of different kinds of really engaging films all across the country, not only Hindi but also regional cinemas.



RAINBOW FEST - SHOWCASING THE VIBRANT COLOURS OF NORTHEAST

Yompe Chisi
BA (Hons) English-I Year



About Rainbow Festival-

**Northeast Welfare
Committee of ARSD
College started its
annual inter-college
cultural fest, the
'RAINBOW FEST' in
the year 2015**

Northeast India is one of India's secrets, an unexplored land of spectacular beauty and charm. Each state has its own rich culture and art, deep-rooted traditions and diverse communities. Eight states, namely, Arunachal Pradesh, Assam, Meghalaya, Manipur, Nagaland, Mizoram, Tripura and Sikkim together shape Northeast India. Lush tea gardens, gushing waterfalls, monasteries, natural root bridges, clean villages, intricate bamboo houses, scenic terrains to the gripping tales of the head hunters; Northeast India does not cease to surprise people of its unique and rustic individuality.

To bring the essence of the same, Northeast Welfare Committee of ARSD College started its annual inter-college cultural fest, the 'RAINBOW FEST' in the year 2015 with the aim of bridging the cultural gap between the people by drawing attention to the colourful and multicultural pieces of Northeast.

This year the fest was celebrated on 6th March on the college grounds with the teachers and students present at the venue. The programme started with a warm welcome song by the committee members. The chief guest N.M Singh, who is the joint director and DIG of CBI and Dr. Gyantosh Kumar Jha, the principal of the college were felicitated with shawls and a sapling and Naorem Premjit sir, the convener of the event, highlighted the agenda.

The spotlights of the occasion were an Odissi dance performed by Ms. Mokshda Manchanda, a fusion dance including indigenous dance forms of Northeast namely Thougai Jagoi of Manipur, Ponung from Arunachal, Hajagiri from Tripura, Bihu and Tiwa from Assam under the supervision of Ms. Pallavi Dutta, Cheraw dance of Mizos by the students of Bharati college, Maibi Jagoi dance of Manipur by Mr. Robith and his group. A ramp walk showcasing the wardrobe of Northeast was also a prime attention of the fest.

Various colleges of DU took part in the competitions and bagged attractive prizes and certificates. Maharaja Agrasen College won the first prize in the Folk dance competition with Zakir Hussain College winning the second place. Ealvi Khaling, Ngirmang.K, Siakboy Serto bagged the first, second and third place respectively in Contemporary Singing competition. And Samjen Lama and Samyo Limbo won the first and second place in Photography competition respectively.



Furthermore, a delicious buffet was served to the attendees.

The festival was a major success. In spite of the rainy weather conditions the members did their best to make the people present in the fest get a hands-on experience of Northeast.

This event would not have been possible without the contribution of our Principal sir, Dr. Gyantosh Kumar Jha and the guidance of Dr. Achingliu Kamei, Dr. Naorem Premjit, Dr. Avinash Pratap and many other significant members of the committee.



GREY TOWER - AN AUTHORIAL JOURNEY

Sana Fatima
BA (Hons) English- III Year



The Story-

Grey Tower is a fiction story that I had initially weaved for my younger sister in colourful threads of words. Her interjecting queries and curiosity gave me the courage to give it a design and in striving so, I myself got attracted to its various patterns. These ever-changing patterns are seen through a child's kaleidoscopic perception of the outer world within the realm of their innocence.

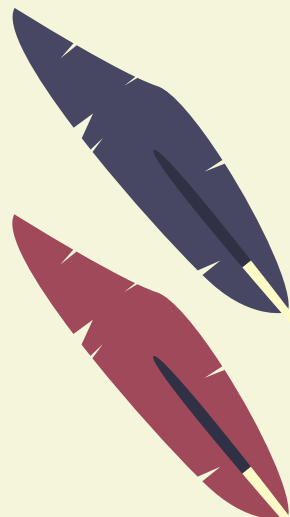
Ellie, the young princess is the protagonist of this story who is far removed from the world outside. Her father rules over the kingdom of Byzamandius. Blessed with a miraculous power of

foretelling the future, she explores the impending events and tries to solve the jigsaw puzzle of her life and that of her father's kingdom. Whether the extraordinary power of Ellie is a blessing or a curse, is what the story is all about. The story leaves a painful question mark in the plot – and also in the mind of both the reader, and the storyteller. Whether knowing 'everything' or disturbing the order of the universe by peeping into the future, serves any purpose in the evolution of human existence.

However, since Grey Tower is a story that is designed for children, I considered it important to instill a few themes like the importance of education, mystery and adventure into the plot, along with many others. Through this, I have subtly tried to make the young readers aware of the importance of education and how it prevails as a privilege for some and thus, I have pointed towards the value of it in society. At several points in the book, I have made efforts to showcase the realities of life that children often see through a lens of innocence. This helps in providing an alternate angle through which life can be seen and lived. With a more intensive reading, one can find the story to be packed with several layers that are for the readers to peel away. Grey Tower though a child's story, but not necessarily a story for children only.

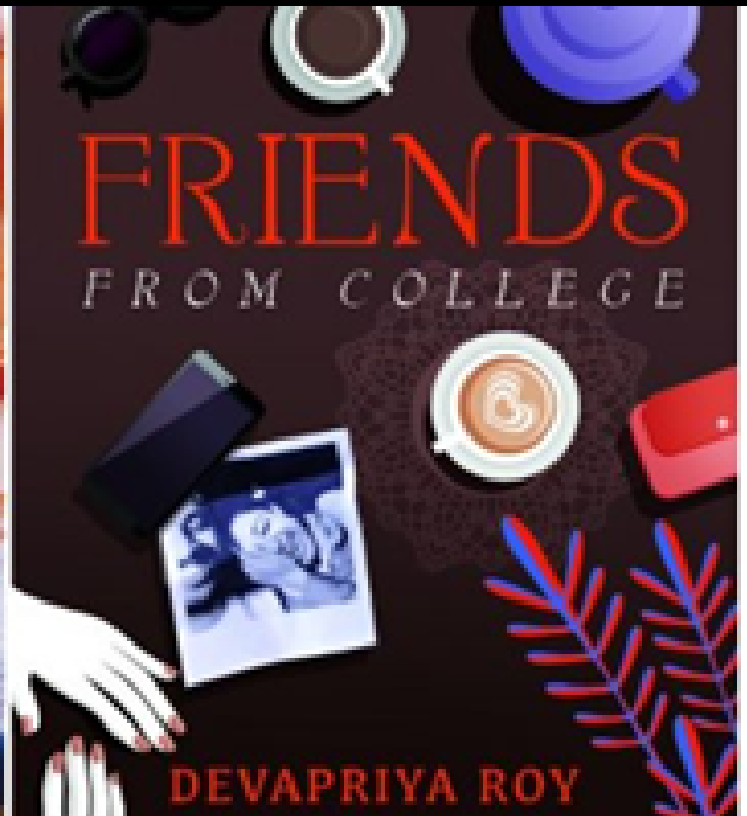
About the Author

Sana Fatima is a student of English literature at ARSD College, University of Delhi. She explores the depth of Nature and that of her own self. Embracing her dreams and imagination, Sana gives them lucid descriptions in her own unique style. Although, a mere description of her dreams does not seem to be the only purpose of her writing. Her soul seems to be in quest of their realization, and this story is her first step in that direction. Coming from a literary family, Sana carries ahead the torch of her precious heritage of creative writing.



A TALK WITH AUTHOR DEVAPRIYA ROY

Inali Negi
BA (Hons) English- III Year



On the 1st of November 2019, Semicolon – The Book Club of ARSD College organized a talk with author Devapriya Roy with a special focus on her latest novel Friends from College which was interestingly serialized before being published as a book. Devapriya Roy is also the author to books like The Vague Woman’s Handbook, The Weight Loss Club, The Curious Experiments of Nancy Housing Cooperative, The Heat and Dust Project and a

graphic biography of Indira Gandhi, Indira, with artist Priya Kuriyan. Kiranjeet Chaturvedi, the founder of ‘Write & Beyond’ who having read all of Devapriya Roy’s works, lead the talk with interesting questions and engaging stories which she shared with both the author and the audience.

Both our guests charmed us from the very moment they entered the scene carrying with

them a bag full of books that we were eager to crack open. Pleasantries and well wishes ensued shortly after which the awaited talk with the author began. There was firstly a brief synopsis of Friends From College and then a reading of some of the chapters within the book. What followed after was a brief discussion of the book, some back and forth questions and a platform for the members of the book club to express what their thoughts were after completing the book.

Apart from the book in focus, Devapriya Roy and Kiranjeet Chaturvedi also dove into the other books written by the author. There was also a session wherein the author talked about the different circumstances, experiences and moments that influenced her works. This was again followed by questions from budding authors and enthusiastic readers who wanted a look into the writing process of an author just as her.

The event wrapped up on a high with a number of photos being clicked and members of the book club vying to meet the author. Some even got their books signed and a solo picture with the author herself. The talk was a success and left us both encouraged and enlightened.



ENGLISH NATIONAL CONFERENCE - 'THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE'

Inali Negi
BA (Hons) English- III Year



A two-day National Conference on the 'History of English Literature' was conducted on the 14th and 15th of February, 2020. This conference was jointly organized by the Department of English, Atma Ram Sanatan Dharma College and the Department of English, University of Delhi. A grand total of ten dedicated sessions were conducted in an attempt to cover the entire History of English Literature.

As was pointed out by many of the speakers, the lack of History of English Literature in the prescribed syllabus often lead to an incomplete knowledge of English Literature both in the classroom lectures and when the students go on to attempt their higher studies. Hence, the conference was organized mainly to assist and aid students in the Undergraduate as well as the Postgraduate level to expand their knowledge in their field

of study and enable a further understanding of the texts within their syllabus.

The National Conference had a staggering number of eager participants from as many as 30 different colleges from both within University of Delhi and outside. The number of students participating from other colleges was around 160 with a few on the spot registrations as well. The event kick started with the keynote address by Prof. Sachidananda Mohanty who provided an overview of the objective of the conference, elaborated on the importance of knowing the history as well as the context of the texts we study and his own experience in the field of Literature. A great addition was also the inclusion of the session on Old and Medieval English where Dr. Animesh Mohapatra really opened our eyes to the fact that we often end up completely skipping this section and moving to the Age of Chaucer which a lot of students consider to be the beginning of English Literature. We also had Dr. Umasankar Patra with his invigorating session on Modernism who made the students look at various photographs, paintings, excerpts and poems and giving wonderful insights and interpretations on the same.

The conception, organization and execution of the event was woven together by the conveners Dr. Gautam Choubey, Dr. Prerana Sinha and Ms. Nidhi Sharma. The sessions were extremely interactive and were assisted

by both visual and verbal elements that enabled a very fruitful learning experience. Each presenter had something new to bring to the table and had even more to offer in the overall scheme of things. The participating students were extremely satisfied with the conference as well as the study material and participation certificate provided. The National Conference ended on a truly enlightening note.



‘THE REAR WINDOW’ BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Saloni Bharti Singh
BA (Hons) English- III Year



When it comes to innovation in the art of film-making, the name Alfred Hitchcock is always at the tip of our tongues. One of the greatest film-makers the world has seen, his revolutionary camera angles have been adopted and are still being used by many to add depth to any scene in a certain Hitchcock-ian way of filming. Rear window is one of his greatest creative geniuses. A 1954 Technicolor mystery thriller based on a short story “It had to be Murder” by Cornell

Woolrich published in 1942, this film even in its own time was one of the most appreciated films so much so that even after years of its release it garners the same appreciation from the audience. To quote some fancy words this movie is ‘culturally, historically or aesthetically significant’, not my words but the movie definitely lives up to them.

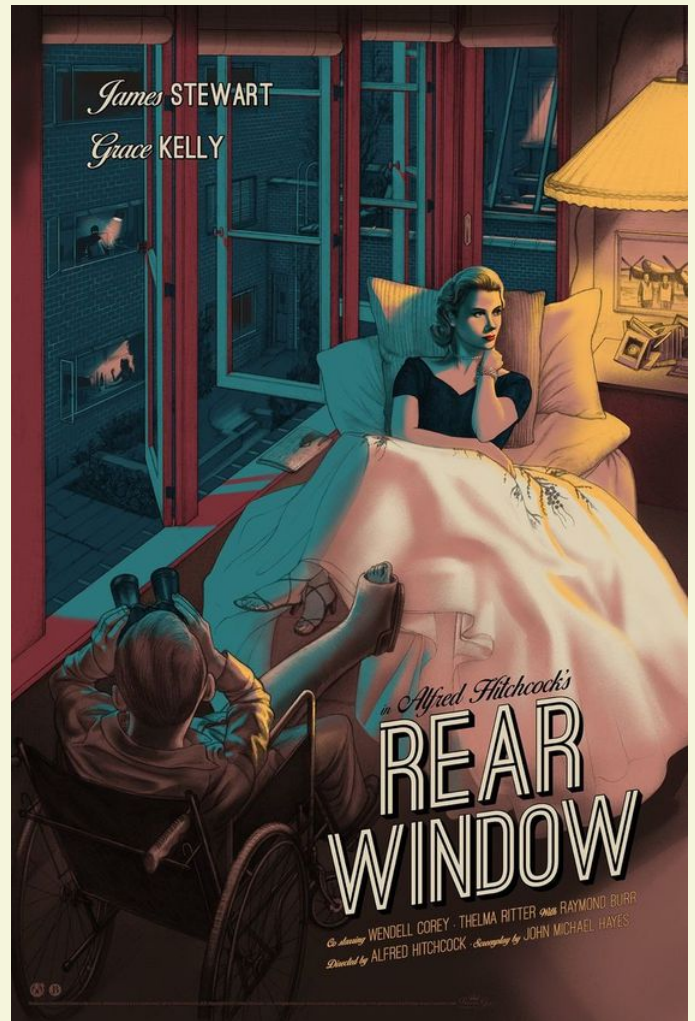
The movie, literally as the name suggests, centres around a window or precisely what



what can be seen through a window. Our protagonist, who goes by L.B. Jefferies or Jeff played by James Stewart, is recuperating from a broken leg. He is confined to his wheelchair in his Greenwich Village apartment. With nothing to satiate the energy in the photographer, Jeff starts observing the people through his window that opens up into the courtyard overlooking several other apartments. It is during this confinement that he starts naming his neighbours according to their character that he observes going as far as even looking through his camera lenses to get a clearer picture. Although he is regularly visited by his beautiful socialite girlfriend, Lisa Fremont played by Grace Kelly, and his insurance company nurse, Stella played by Thelma Ritter, his boredom is only satisfied by observing through the window. It is during one of his “observation” that he stumbles upon an anomaly in his otherwise mundane neighbourhood. This is where the actual plot of the story starts but Hitchcock will not be Hitchcock if it were that simple. The actual story started when the opening credits rolled onto the screen. Hitchcock deliberately only showed us a view of the outside through the window, there were hardly any pan shots or an area outside of the window’s view. These shots made us, the audience, an active participant of the movie, we weren’t the normal audience watching a movie in a theatre but we were voyeurs, impinging onto the privacy of others through a window to satiate our curiosity just like Jeff.

what can be seen through a window. The romance between Jeff and Lisa adds spice to the story plot, as both the characters discover new sides to themselves as well as their partners. Maybe the audience will be able to guess the end result but still it won't lessen the thrill of the climax. Hitchcock takes us through this process of unravelling the mystery of the anomaly and to fully satiate our voyeurism which makes the movie evergreen.

Taking all of these into account, for all film freaks this movie is a must watch. Keeping in lieu with this thought, Tilt- the Film Appreciation Society of ARSD College organised a screening for this masterpiece. The student response was phenomenal, the jam packed auditorium was full of students gasping and ohhing throughout the film. The film was also an inauguration for the society. Tilt also had a guest lecturer, Dr. Vebhuti Duggal Asst. Professor for Film Studies at Ambedkar University who gave a very piece-by-piece breakage of Hitchcock's direction style with reference to Rear Window as well as his other masterpieces. The screening ended with a healthy discussion between the students giving their take on the different aspects of the film. This film definitely gives everything one could ask for in a mystery thriller wrapped with the right amount of romance and suspense.



INTERN-O-FEIRA'20

Soumya Ramtri
BA (Hons) Economics- I Year



The Placement Cell of ARSD College organized the second edition of its Annual Internship and Job fair on the 6th of February' 20. The fair commenced with an inauguration by Dr. Gyantosh Kumar Jha, the Principal of ARSD College and was attended by over 800 students from universities all across Delhi.

The College hosted a total of 72 companies. Big corporates such as Bajaj Capital, The Times Group, Sharekhan, KGS Advisors,

Spicejet, Life Insurance Corporation of India (LIC), etc. provided jobs and internships to those looking for corporate experience and non-governmental organisations such as Youth for Peace International, Nanhe Pakshi, Solve Foundation, Umeed, etc. provided learning opportunities for change aspirants. Students turned up from universities including but not limited to Delhi University, Jawaharlal Nehru University, GGSIPU and Jamia Milia Islamia.

The students were required to carry copies of

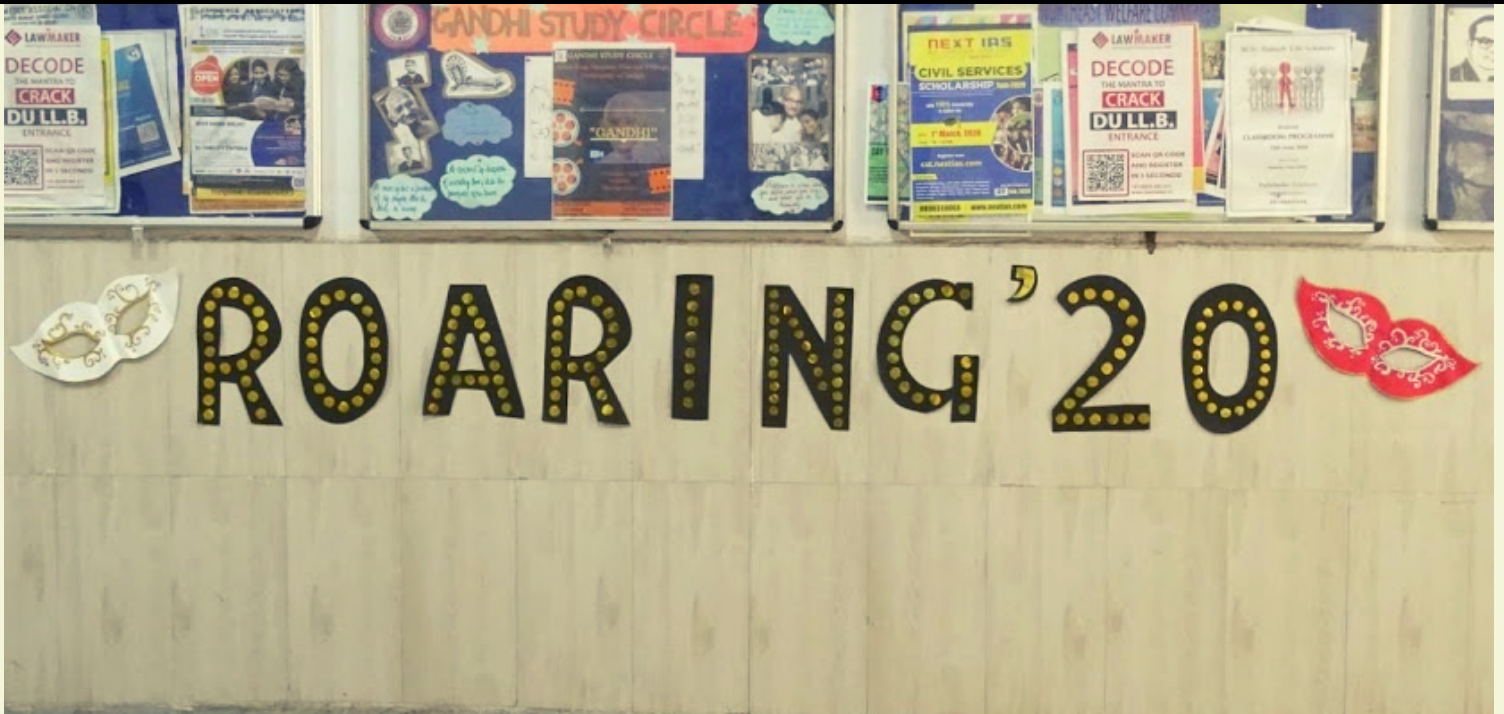
their CVs and had to appear for the recruitment interviews in their favoured companies. Job profiles included web development, business development, research and development, financing, business analyst, public speaking, human resources (HR), graphic designing, content writing, teaching, etc. each with their own eligibility criteria were offered to the students.

The Placement Cell stood firm on its belief: 'I Can Fly' and was successful in delivering the best learning experiences to the students.



SONNET'20 - THE ENGLISH FEST OF ARSD 'ROARING TWENTIES'

K. R. Swathi
BA (Hons) English- II Year



The Department of English, Atma Ram Sanatan Dharma College, organized its annual departmental festival, Sonnet, on February 24 and 25, 2020. The fest, spanning two days, was witness to a ton of fun and frolic, despite a few hurdles that we had to encounter, as we celebrated the 'Roaring Twenties' all over again.



The fest began with an address by the Principal, Dr. Gyantosh Kumar Jha, and Dr. Prerana Sinha from the English Department. The workshop on Indian Cinema of The 70s was our first major event of the day that was conducted in collaboration with Tilt, the Film Appreciation Society of ARSD College. The keynote speaker for the event was Professor Shikha Jhingan, who teaches ‘Cinema Studies’ at Jawaharlal Nehru University. Professor Jhingan, along with the other speakers, Dr. Pravin Kumar and Dr. Vebhuti Duggal enlightened the audience with their novel insights on film, their perspectives and society depicted onscreen.



Two competitions were also organized on the first day that were ‘Turn of the Century’ – a turncoat debate, and an Open Mic competition respectively. Both the events garnered tons of participants who displayed a varied range of talents ranging from debating skills to stand up comedies, musical performances and spoken word poetry. The next day also had a bilingual poetry writing competition called ‘A Flirt With Verse.’ This poetry competition was accompanied by an insightful poetry workshop with Dr. Anamika as the speaker. Each event was met with eager enthusiasm and the fest ended on a positive note, with much fervor and excitement to spare.



POETRY WORKSHOP— A FLIRT WITH VERSE

Inali Negi
BA (Hons) English- IIIYear



On the 25th of February, the second day of the English Fest, Sonnet'20 we had a bilingual poetry competition named 'A Flirt With Verse' coupled with a highly enlightening workshop on poetry by Dr. Anamika. Dr. Anamika is a translator, poet, writer and critic. She has eight collections of poetry, five stories and various criticisms to her credit and has also translated works of many famous writers like Tagore, Octavio Paz, and Morrison and also translated feminist

**Find the poems of
some of the winners
in the article.**

poems from world literature and contemporary English poetry. Dr. Anamika has been a votary of expression in her mother tongue and encourages naturalness and spontaneity in the poetic expression. The competition as well as the workshop were both invigorating and truly a success.

Dr. Anamika presented her thoughts in the workshop, in a manner that made us think beyond the box. She talked about the idea of chaos and finding your center in the chaos to help you come out with poetry that touches others. She presented complex thoughts and concepts in a manner that was simple and understandable.

As far as the poetry competition is concerned, we had a number of stunning entries. We have included some of the prizewinners' poetry.



The English Department
of ARSD College
presents

Sonnet '20

A FLIRT WITH VERSE

A bilingual poetry writing competition

- Followed by a talk by Dr. Anamika (Associate Professor, Department of English Satyawati College, DU)
- Prompts will be given on the spot

Tuesday, February 25, 2020
9:45 a.m.
Seminar Hall 1

Convenor: Dr. Prerana Sinha
For Further Details, Contact:
Inali: 8800557590
Pratishtha: 8376941904

exciting
cash
prizes!!

Our media partners: DE | DU EXPRESS  # Campus Bloggers  THE EDUCATION' PRIZE 

The First Prize was awarded to Alisha M. from Sri. Venkateswara College who used the prompt- "In the end, we all become stories".

I can't move.
He's still speaking, but it's all noise to me
Ringing in my ears, driving me crazy
Can someone stop this cacophony?
"He was an inspiration, he brought rooms to life
He was always laughing, he had a sweet smile."
They keep talking of how amazing you were
How brilliant, how very kind
A star that burned out before it could shine
A life that was taken much before it's time
It all sounds so poetic
It's just not the truth.
They don't speak of your pain
And how it lives in us now.
They don't speak of your beautiful body
And how it hung from the ceiling fan
Rope around your throat
Is now wrapped around mine.
Feels like I lost the world when I lost you
Every moment finds me lost in the thought of you
"Grieving is a process," they tell me
How do I tell them it's destroying me?
I see you in the eyes of the boy next to me
Both heartbroken, our burdens too heavy
I want to talk to him, somehow make it right
But he seems distant, like the stars I wish upon at night
People ask me about you, you've tainted my poetry.
So I show them pictures of you back when we were happy
Maybe this is all there is when it's all over
In the end, we all become stories.



The Third prize was awarded to Shreya Gupta from Ram Lal Anand College who used the prompt- 'Cage'

Born and brought up in a place
Which you people call home,
But for me it was nothing more than a bird kept in a cage,
With a confined story written on a page...

Glorious, beautiful, gorgeous and radiating were mere
Words I used to hear from
The people of my school...
These adjectives were not common at my home
For me it was nothing more than a cage.

Ethereal moments I had when I
Felt like flying far away from the cage
I was in, and furthermore can't
Be reached or maybe caged by
Anyone else, and called as profane

From dusk to dawn I was in the same cage
Reciting the same page,
With no sage.
Everything I used to see was nothing
More than oblivion,
Nothing was bright as the colour neon
Alluring face with no knowledge of the world outside
The cage
And like a bird I was chirping the same page.

I was keen on knowing what others have seen,
But at last everything for me was nothing
More than the black screen
I was in my teens and everything I was was clean,
It was hard for me to run away from that cage
But I had to recite that same old page.

The page said,
You are not the asset of our family
You are our liability that we need to bear,
The balance we need to clear.



You are not the one whom we will endure.
After all you are wound that we need
To cure.

You are not the one who is wholly pure,
You are someone who will leave this
Cage and find another for sure.

You are not a blessing, whom we can praise,
You are nothing more than debase.

I read this page quite often,
But to my dismay, the writings
On the page can't be changed even by the pen.
After all I was like a bird kept in cage,
Who chirps the very same page.



THE FINANCE AND INVESTMENT CELL

Devika J.

BA (Hons) Economics- I Year

The Finance And Investment cell of Atma Ram Sanatan Dharm College launched in 2019-2020. The society started as an initiative of a few passionate people who wanted to add an extra sheen to the college. It has Dr. Apra Sinha as Convener, Sagarika Jindal and Akash Dutt in the President's post and Naman Goyal as the General secretary, Rajwardhan Singh as the PR head, Lakshmi Ramanathan as the Marketing Head, Nitya Jain as the Content Head, Cyma Akhter as the Technical Head, Paarika Sharma as the Deputy Technical Head, Roahan Roy as the Research and Analysis Head, Muskan Madhok as the Social Project Head and Priyam Mahajan as the Knowledge Development Head.

FIC started as a forum for business enthusiasts and students of economics, mathematics, finance and commerce. This novel venture can be interpreted as a "student driven initiative bringing together students from different backgrounds, bridging the gap between classroom training and practical business applications through a plethora of platforms."

The primary aim of the society is to give the students ample exposure to the world of finance through interactive learning and learn from the experts through seminars and workshops. Interactions in the society ensures hands on training in trading and investment, learn about the economic and financial impacts of world happenings and boosts practical knowledge to enhance entrepreneurial skills. This has also helped me increase my skill set and boost my CV.

The Orientation session of the society was conducted on 9th August and Mr. Uma Sankar Vatsa graced the occasion with his inputs in a very informative interactive session. FIC has hosted and conducted many seminars and sessions, the first of which was a talk on "Will India Become A Five Trillion Dollar Economy" in collaboration with the Seminar Team of the Economics Dept. What followed was a one-day Data Analysis workshop using "Stata", led by Dr. Sandhya Garg. The latest in the series was part of the 'Annual Financial Conclave' - a panel discussion on NBFC crises, spillovers and growth consequences which was led by

Dr. Arun Kumar Jha, Prof. C.P Chandrasekhar, Ms. Puja Mehra, Mr. Sushil Bhaguna who are all eminent personalities in their areas of expertise and an intra-College debate competition on the topic "Capitalist Motives lead to Unethical Steps and Hurt the Economy" which was a huge success both in participation and inputs.

FIC ARSD has very active social media and its newsletter 'Investor Sight' is making waves in student circles for the quality content it has. Another highlight of FIC ARSD is the knowledge sessions it conducts. Five such sessions have been conducted in the past semester and each have been helpful in opening up new venues. The first knowledge session had its discussion on Guesstimation and a case study was done, the second session saw a discussion on financial statements and the next, Stock Markets. The penultimate session was on Excel and was successful in exposing beneficiaries to the possibilities. The last session was a wrap up and discussed a Case study in the lines of Morgan Stanley's and the students took in the inputs with a mixture of interest and awe. FIC ARSD is all set to host its Conclave Monetaire in February and hopes to make it another resounding success.



QUAESTUS'20

Ananya Agrawal
BA (Hons) Economics- I Year

QUAESTUS'20 was the 2020 edition of the annual economic fest of Atma Ram Sanatan Dharma College, University of Delhi. This one day long event is organized by EKONOMIKO, the economics society of ARSD College under the guidance of their convener, Mr. Dipak Prakash. With a thunderous line up and engaging competitions, QUAESTUS'20 was a crowd pleaser and appealed to students from different walks of life and courses.

This spectacular day began by lightening the lamp, followed by Principal sir's speech. This

was accompanied by a lecture from Mr. Santosh Mehrotra on the topic of "ECONOMIC SLOWDOWN IN THE NATION", which really enlightened the students.

The events of the fest included Dialectics (Debate), Game of Brands (Tambola), Quizdom (Quiz), Share Bazaar (Mock Stock), Ad-O-Mania (advertisement), and Pitchers. The events gave everyone an opportunity to showcase their talents and skills and the event was highly appreciated by all of the participants.

An abstract painting with a vibrant, textured background. The top half is dominated by bright yellow and orange hues, transitioning into a middle section of green and teal. The bottom section features dark, rich reds and browns. The brushstrokes are visible and expressive, creating a sense of movement and depth.

SYNERGY

2019-2020

**ATMA RAM SANATAN DHARMA COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI**